MISS WEALTHY -DEPUTY SHERIFF-

A Story of Love, Law and a Kitchen Stove

By ELIZABETH NEFF

STNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS, STROPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The little river town of Whippleton is three and unprecedented excitement by the robberg the bank in Samantha, a neighboring community word is seen to Capt, Pergellis of Whitpleton at heriff of Butts County. Capt, Pergellis, mis heriff of Butts County. Capt, Pergellis, mis shearf of carriers of criminals. He is not at home who would be not be thought of a tracker of criminals. He is not at home who would of the robberg reaches his house, but I daughter Wealthy is more than equal to a smarrancy. A character as positive as her fair remarks, she sends for the captain, but here sirrects the organization and equipment of the positive and sends it on its way with her father at head, The captain applicin her and has been accounted married to grant married to grant the to

CHAPTER III.

The Call to Arms.

opening at the second wheres now." ectly above, and she waited call up to them. She could their voices for son time before they finally emerged to view, her father's full soft bass and Sim Pone's gracked falsetto. It was quite dusk when they halted at the flat rock for rest. Wealthy made a trumpet of a sheet of pasteboard and

all night. You kin start ag'in in the

They considered it for a moment
sfore they declined. Wealthy at
ing range was not so convincing as
rounded the house and crossed the long range was not so convincing as and bacon frying.

"It's a pretty scared robber that'll

safe on the preceding evening, was missing. The news spread like wildfire through the town and sub-urbs. A run on the bank was prob-ably averted by the fact that most of our farmers are now having and have not been to town lately. They will probably hear of the dastardly deed first in the columns

dastardly used of the Express.

Mr. Willis Hunter, the defaultMr. Willis Hunter, the defaulting cashier, though a stranger in our midst, came highly recom-mended and was received into our most exclusive social circles. most exclusive social circles. He has hitherto conducted himself in a most exemplary manner and has aroused no suspicion as to his true character. He paid his bill in full at the Palace Hotel, where he lived, before leaving, saying that he should not return. Mr. Bill Hitchins, who came to town early this morning on the Black Mountain road, reports having met a character. He paid his bill in full at the Paice Hotels, where he lived, before leaving, saying that he should not return. Mr. Bill the should not return at the should not return at the should not return. Mr. Bill the should not return at the should not return at the should not return. Mr. Bill the should not return at the should not return at the should state the should should should not return at the should should not return at the should should not return at the should not return the should not return at the should not return the should not return at the should not return at the should not return the should no

CHAPTER IV. The Strong Arm of the Law. EALTHY laid one plate -1 the table for herself and stopped to note in loansomeness. A sudden idea turned her about to the kitchen, talking in the friendly tone she used to herself and to no one

"He's a right young feller, that robber, not much more'n a boy. He'd have time to git over this side o' the HE bill behind her garden ridge if he come on one of the a rose so suddenly that the steam bleycles - like as not - I road ascended by a long shouldn't wonder if he was layin' up detour. There was an there among the hemlocks some-

tly above, and she waited She walked to the back door and to reach it that she gazed up at the black mystery of the up to them. She could hillside, where a faint spark of camp-

hilliside, where a faint spark of campfire showed through.

"I—sort o' b'lieve he's over there—
watchin' me git supper. I can't abide
hungry folks round me—mebbe he
didn't have enough to eat to home—
why he done it. I jest couldn't sleep
if I thought there was a hungry—
bear out there—I couldn't."

She went to her cooking-table and
began to cut and spread slices of
bread.

house to Pa and his boys, but there's cake and plenty o' cookies. Then

in close quarters. And the spell of camp life was appealing to them; the thrill of the wild was stirring their blood. Soon she saw their camp fire, over which coffee was steaming and bacon frying.

There was a light rap at the door. Wealthy had never known fear, but she hesitated a second or two this time. A faint orange light lingered in the afterglow. It showed a figure outlined against the darkness of the forest that made her heart thump furiously, a stranger unlike any one in Whippleton, a young man in a biue suit and tan shoes. About

feed a sheep-stealin' dog."

She moved round uneasily, her pistol still pointed at the wall above him. He bowed his head on his long. I reckon you-all know the hand in an effort to conceal some name of that town a heap better than lively emotion.
His silence forced his captor to a

sudden change of front.
"You-all wouldn't mind cold vict-

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"Then likely you're hungry now?"

"Hungry is too weak a word, Mirs.
Deputy. Starvation is the only thing that expresses it."

The deputy sheriff stirred uneasily. Her domestic conscience was getting the better of her official one. It was the older and stronger at best.

"I reckon' you ain't had a real fillin' meal sence yisterday?"

"You are right again. It's a sparsely settled country and the reads are"—

"I never could abide hungry things—no matter what they done. I'd even feed a sheep-stealin' dog."

Tied by the difficulties under which she worked this evening and her pische worked this evening and the caterible curious lines as it waved about in her right hand, but she did remember to keep it on the side opposition and his excessive awkwardness tried her culinary patience to the last deep value and his excessive awkwardness tried about in her pische worked this evening and her pische worked the worked the wor

A light broke through the misty sudden change of front.
"You-all wouldn't mind cold victuals, would you?"
"Not in the least."
"Because I can't cook nothin' with one hand—an' my left hand, at that, I have got a chicking ready dressed down cellar, but"—she looked sugastive at her weapon.

A light broke through the misty wonder of his eyes.
"Isn't it Samantha? I know. We asked a boy. There was a great excitement there. Somebody had stolen a dollar and a half from their little tin bank—oh. say, is that what you're getting my dinner for?"

Wealthy was taking down a jar of transparent preserves from a high

"Robbers," supplied Herb.
"Robbers," supplied Herb.
"Robbers, ast at supper time, and
me not havin' a pie in the house.
Never was caught like that in my

"Madam, we surrender and throw ourselves upon your mercy. We hope only for humane treatment and— what was it you said about fare. Herb?"

I see, "replied his head backward at the table full of food.

"I see," replied the fat man. "Immense!"

The two ranged themselves side by side in a military attitude and awaited the fat to the ast!"
He glanced suggestively at the hot tove and steaming kettle. Wealthy was greatly perplexed.

Inon saw that she was quite in earnest Waterson squeezed his fat body under the table, Herb plunged into a pan closet, knocking down all its clatwas greatly perplexed.

"I'm sure I—don't know what to do lad ducked under the uplifted hand that held the weapon.
"What's the matter with you-all?"

form.

Her guests of the evening were so wickedness and responsibility that "You-all onload them apples mighty talk and so entirely different from goin' to have doin's like this very quick and skip down to the landin' anybody in Whippleton, that she found herself greatly interested in them.

she called helplessly. "That chicking's a-burnin'! Where's the forkoh, git me a fork and stop your most seemed that Wenithy would did full justice to her effort.

"Ef that Moses had turned up in

chickens and goat for the night. calaboose," she explained, "on accompaniment of flerce cackling.

calaboose," she explained, "on accompaniment of flerce cackling.

The glass of water which Wealthy 'count of havin' only one key to the 'count of havin' only one key to the downstairs, and that's on the front was handing to Waterson dropped from her hand and broke.

"My settin' hens!" she exclaimed.

"Il jest bet that little darky's robbin' that would be safe, as you might say—when the spare room's full."

She hurled herself at the door, pistol. say-when the spare room's full."

and motioned him to a seat while she puzzled over the situation. "My land, what's a body to do with three of you?" grouned Wealthy. "I hope you've got the plate and

jewels in a safe place." Wealthy glanced at the blue sugar bowl on the mantel. Then she marched ber pet prisoner to a small room opering directly at the top of the stails. The door swung out into the passage awkwardly enough.

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THE EVENING WORLD

LAHOMA

"Then I'll fetch you up a check to eat in your hand. What you're good for helplessity to make quite certain that is to lay right across that door, tight up, and sleep. If it's opened then in hear there is that they really had

incredible that a woman of her size and deliberateness could accomplish such lightning results with a cookstove. The prisoners could hardly believe their senses when they field in at the pistol's point and fitted into their places at table. Wealthy did By the Intervention of Moses. and to do it in an unofficial capacity T curfew Herb and Water son were conducted under guard to the spotless spare room and locked in; but the youth of the dark eyes about which she scolded apogetically with new dailing the process of the spotles. The specific cake, pickles, preserves, detention to the dark eyes about which she scolded apogetically with new dailing the while her suests.

have to march him around all night. "Ef that Moses had turned up in for he had to accompany her back morning, but I can't leave to kill and forth as she looked after her one," she concluded. hickens and goat for the night.

"This house is right onnandy for calaboose," she explained. "On high, prolonged human scream, to the

she rested her pistol on her hip awakening of alarm for these most not motioned him to a seat while she sacred of barnyard rights. She plunged out to the chicken-house. Her surmise had been correct. Moses had gone to seek eggs as on the previous day, and not finding any had taken these from the brood hens. He displayed them proudly.

She tied a flatiron to the knob and then hurried down to look the front door. She found Mosea asleep on the veranda, where he had been since bundown. An immediate office for was descrited.

Suddenly remembered her trust. Wealthy had not run for twenty-five years, but she very nearly achieved that speed now on her way to the house. A portentous stillness chilled her as she hurried inside. The house was descrited.

sundown. An immediate office for him presented itself.

"Now, look-a-here, you Moses; you kin sleep one place as well as another. Come and I'll show you what you're to do. I reckon you haven't et lately?"

"Naw, sir," said Moses.

"Naw, sir," said Moses.

"Naw, sir," said Moses.

"An as she hurried inside. The bosse was deserted.
"Oh, my land!" cried Wealthy in consternation. "My stars! And no tellin' what they'll do next—for they ain't 'fraid o' nothin'! And it's till in breakin' up my settin' hens. If Pa Pergellis is jest bound to keep Moses he'll have to have a sure 'nough calaboose."

CHAPTER VII. The Vigilantes Return.

was half an hour after the escape of her prisoners that quences. She summ though John Brown was

watch out for three robbers that took the Samanthy bank money and po and the old boys to out this minute in the hills huntin' 'em and they wouldn't 'a' got away from me # Fd vantage.

"Do you mind our sitting here?"
asked Herb.
"Not if I could stay and guard youall. But it's time to eat and I can't
cook out here. You-all march round
to the bench where I kin see you and
I'll let you set there."
The trio marched round the house,
lock-step, and ranged themselves in
a row on the bench. Wealthy, satisfied that they were safe at that
hour, fell to work with the rhythmic
precision of long practice. It seemed
incredible that a woman of her size

night before when her lamp went out. the place where she had left off.

"Here's where I was, yes." - blue suit, sailor hat and tax shoes. He also wore a gray-andwhite striped shirt and carried a small satchel on the back of his motorcycle into which he was some to put a package he took from the bank. This was undoubtedly the money, and if he is only overtaken before he makes his escape it will be recovered. Great consternation is felt in business circles over the affair, especially as Mr. Orcott, president of the bank, is spending the summer in the Far West on account of his health. Mr. Porter Jones, the vice-president, assures us, however, that the loss will positively not affect the solvency of the bank. It is hinted that others besides depositors will mourn the sudden departure of Mr. Hunter, as he was rumored that he had found favor with one of Samantha's fairest daughters.

est daughters.

Wealthy pored over this to the last laborious syllable.

"Um-hm, a gray-and-white shirt and a blue tie. Not one of them rebout to the chicken-house. Her surmise had been correct. Moses had gone to seek eggs as en the previous day, and not finding any had taken these from the brood hens. He displayed them proudly.

"Oh, my—STARS!" swore Wealthy.

"Give 'em to me quick and I'll put 'em back. You've got 'em all mixed—but I reckon they'll find out when to hatch."

She patted the hens and soothed their indignation, restored the eggs and looked for fresh ones, before ahe correct feller yet."

[To Be Continued.]